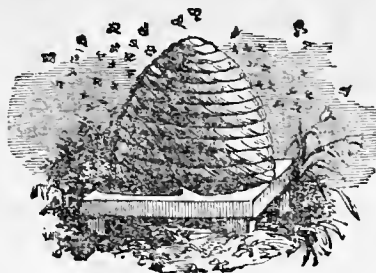


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1867.

NO. 19.

Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS NEW MISTRESS.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

LITTLE GEORGE'S new mistress was a very nice, good natured looking lady. She seemed to be about thirty five or forty years of age, was well dressed, and portly. (The word "portly" means bulky, stout.)

She had come with her husband, the strange gentleman, who came to the big city every Saturday, bringing with him his week's work of little children's boots and shoes, which he made for the master of the fine large boot and shoe store, where little George's mistress was sitting when he first saw her.

She had waited in the fine boot and shoe shop while the strange gentleman, her husband, went to the poor house to find a boy to be an apprentice to him, to learn the boot and shoe trade.

(An apprentice means a boy or a girl bound to a master or to a mistress to learn a trade. The boy or girl agrees to stay with a mistress or master so many years, and the master or mistress agrees to teach the apprentice their trade or business. When little George becomes an apprentice I will then tell you how it was done.)

When the strange gentleman returned, bringing with him little George, they approached her, as she was sitting in the fine shoe store, and he said to her, in a kind tone:

"Now, my dear, I have brought you a little boy that I think you will like, for the people at the poor house all said they were very sorry to part with him, and some of them shed tears when he left."

She took little George by the hand, and took off his cap, looking at his face to see whether she would like him or not. He turned up his big, innocent, blue eyes to hers, as much as to say: "I like you, and I wish you would like me."

When she had looked at his face, she said to her husband, the strange gentleman:

"He has been crying."

She could see the marks of tears upon his cheek that had been wiped off upon his jacket sleeve.

Little George did not know that he had any marks of tears on his cheeks, and when she found out that he had been crying he hung down his head, and began to bite the end of a little

cotton handkerchief which he wore around his neck, for he did not wish her to know that he had been so foolish as to cry for nothing. She thought he had been crying because he did not wish to go with her and her husband; but the latter assured her that he had not been crying because he did not wish to go with them, but because he loved his poor house friends so much, that he could not help crying when he left them.

She took out her pocket-handkerchief, and as well as she could, in the absence of water and soap, wiped away the tear marks from the little stranger's face, and planted a tender kiss upon his brow.

That kiss became the seal of continued friendship between little George and his mistress, and in the future he did find her a true and tender friend. He felt that he could go all over the world with her, that he would do every thing she told him to do, and that he would not grieve her feelings by being a bad boy, for all the halfpennies and pennies in the big city.

She drew him nearer to her, and said in a soft tone:

"Tell me your name."

"Little George," he replied.

"Will you be my little boy; I have no little boys nor little girls of my own, and if you will be my little boy I shall be so glad."

This was spoken with such pathos, (pathos means anything spoken with warm and earnest feeling,) I say, this was spoken with such pathos that it reached little George's heart, and he threw his arms around her in token of his willingness to be her little boy, and she kissed him again.

Just then a big, portly man, with a white apron on, was passing by the door of the fine store, singing in a coarse voice,

"Chelsea buns, Chelsea buns, who'll buy my Chelsea buns; a penny a piece, piping hot Chelsea buns."

Little George's mistress asked him if he would have a Chelsea bun. He was willing to have one, for he felt a little hungry, so she gave him a penny, and he ran after the man and bought a nice, hot Chelsea bun. As soon as he gave the man the penny, the man shouted out,

"Sold again to a little gentleman."

George was delighted, for he felt that he was a gentleman, and with great glee he ran to his mistress with the piping hot Chelsea-bun, and told her that the Chelsea bun man called him a little gentleman.

All this took place while the strange gentleman was doing business with the man of the fine store.

The time came for them to leave the fine store to go to their home. Little George clung to his mistress's hand, and cared not where he went, or what kind of a home he was going to live in if he must only be near his dear, kind mistress. His nature craved for loving kindness, a kind word or action always won this simple child of nature. He never failed to know and to

listen to the voice of love; this voice always drew him towards it; it always held him in obedience to its wishes, and I think all little boys and girls feel a good deal like little George did.

It was now evening, and they had a long way to travel, that is about two miles, which is considered a long way in that big city—they had two miles to travel before they reached home. Little George trotted along beside his new mistress, eating the last bit of his Chelsea bun, quite contented and borrowing no further trouble. After a brisk walk they reached their home, which was situated in the suburbs, or on the outside of the big city, away from the great streets where no green grass can be seen, but near to little George's new home there were green fields and green hawthorn hedges, and gardens of fruit trees which were all then in blossom, sending out rich perfume with which the air was laden.

He is now inside his new home, seated at a table with his kind master and mistress, eating for his supper a bowl of bread and milk. He had not become used to his new circumstances yet, and felt a little strange. His mistress made him a clean little bed in a corner up stairs, from his mind ascended a thankful thought to heaven, and he was soon lost in the quiet rest of peaceful slumbers.

UNCLE GEORGE.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Taken from a little work—THE ROCKET—published by the American Tract Society.

CHAPTER II.—MENDING AND MAKING—LITTLE BOB.

GEORGE was now twenty; sober, faithful and expert. Finding a little spare time on his hands, he took to cobbling to increase his gains, and from this source contrived to save his first guinea. To this greater diligence he was urged by his love for Fanny Henderson, a fine, sweet-tempered girl, whom he shortly married, and went to housekeeping in the upper room of a small cottage in Wellington, six miles from Newcastle. Happy were they in each other, and in their simple, industrious, and frugal habits: and when a little son was born to them, George, who loved birds, rabbits, and dogs so well, welcomed with all the tenderness of a father's heart the little Bobby.

Robert he was named, for the old fireman his grandfather.

Accidents they say will happen in the best regulated families. Fanny's family was not an exception. One day the cottage chimney got on fire, and the neighbors, with friendly zeal, not only poured water enough down the chimney to put out a much bigger and more alarming fire, but enough to deluge the poor little home of the brakeman with soot and water, making a pitiful sight to the young husband when he reached it. His eight-day clock, the choicest bit of furniture the young couple had, was completely smothered by ashes. What was to be done? Sending it to a clock-maker for repairs was quite out of the question—it would cost too much.

"I'll try my own hand at it," said George. After righting everything else, he attacked the clock, took it to pieces, carefully cleaned it, put it together, set it, and it *ticked*, ticking on as faithfully and soberly as ever. The astonished neighbors sent him their clocks, and George became one of the most famous clock doctors thereabouts.

The young man's reputation for business soon won him a situation in Killingworth, the best and largest colliery in the region. But his brightened worldly prospects were soon clouded by a dark sorrow—the death of his young wife, after three happy years of married life. Poor George felt it deeply,

which was perhaps one reason for accepting a situation in Scotland, hoping in a change of scene to change the mournful current of his thoughts.

Leaving his little boy in kind hands, he set off to the north with his pack on his back, afoot and alone, for Montrose, a long journey in those days. Good wages he received, and good friends he no doubt made, for every body loved his honest and generous character; yet by the end of the year he yearned to get back to the friends and scenes of his early days. It was not home in Scotland, for it is only home where the heart is. With his savings in his pocket, twenty-eight pounds, back he trudged to Killingworth; and not before his friendly presence was greatly needed to comfort his aged parents, plunged in debt and affliction. By a terrible accident, his father lost his eyesight. No longer able to work, and receiving little or no help from his other children, who were barely able to maintain themselves, the old couple had a hard battle with life. But George is back again; all will be righted. He paid off their debts, and moved them to comfortable lodgings beside his own. He has father, mother, and Bobby to look after, and is thankful and happy in doing it.

Those were dark days, however, for the working-man of England. War was draining the country of men and money. Taxes were high, wages low, bread scarce, and able-bodied men were liable at any time to be impressed for the army or naval service. George himself was drawn, and go he must or find a substitute; he found one, but it cost all he had to hire him.

Poor George was in straits. His spirits were much damped by the prospect of things around and before him. All business was in a discouraging condition. Some of his friends were about emigrating to America, and he, at one time, nearly concluded to join them. It was a sore trial to the young man. He loved his English home; and bitter tears did he in secret shed as he visited old haunts, the fields and lanes and scenes of his boyhood, feeling and fearing that all too soon the wide Atlantic might roll between him and them. But the necessary funds for such an enterprise were not forthcoming. George gave it up therefore, and went to work for what wages the times would allow. Better times would come.

The thing nearest his heart was affording his little son an education. Keenly alive to his own early deficiencies and disadvantages, he determined to make them up in Robert. Every spare moment was of two-fold value to him; and all the work he could pick up he cheerfully did. Besides tinkering old clocks, and cobbling old shoes, he took to cutting out the pit-men's clothes. Never was there such a fit! for George acted fully up to the principle that everything which was worth doing, was worth doing well.

Busy as were his hands, his mind was no less busy, catching up and using every scrap of knowledge which came in his way. And it was a perpetual surprise to his fellow-workmen to see what a knack he had at bettering things. Every thing improved in his hands. There was always progress on his track.

A new pit was opened at one of the collieries. Streams of water rushed in, which the most vigorous strokes of the pump could not lower. On the engine went, pumping, pumping, for a year, and the water continued to flow in, until they nearly concluded to give up the pit as a failure. George's curiosity and interest were much excited, and always, on seeing the men, he asked how matters were coming on.

"Drowned out, drowned out," was the one and the same answer.

Over he went to the poor pit, as often as he could, to see for himself, and over he turned in his mind again and again the whys and wherefores of the failure.

"Weel, George," said his friend Kit, one day, "what do you mak o' her? Do you think you could docter her?"

"Man," answered George, "in a week's time I could send you to the bottom."

The regular engineers were in high dudgeon with the forth-putting brakeman. What right had *he* to know how to cure an evil that had baffled them? His words, however, were reported at headquarters, and the contractor was not long hastening over to see if he could make his words good.

"Well, George," he said, "they tell me you think you can put that engine to rights."

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, modestly, "I think I can."

As matters could be no worse, Mr. Dodds was ready to let him try. And George agreed to, on condition that he should choose his own men to help him. The old hands were highly indignant, but there was no help for it. So they were ordered off, and George with his gang went on.

The engine was taken to pieces, examined, righted, and put together again. It was set to work. Did it go? Many a looker-on shook his head doubtfully, and prophesied in his inmost heart, "No go." It pumped and pumped. The obstinate water found it had an antagonist that could master it. In less than two days it disappeared from the pit, and workmen were sent to the bottom. Who could gainsay George's skill?

Mr. Dodds, of course, was delighted. Over and above his wages, he put a ten-pound note into the young man's hand, and engaged him to superintend his works for the future.

A profitable job was this.

The fame of this engineering exploit spread far and wide. As an engine doctor he took the lead, and many a wheezy old thing was brought him to cure. Envious engineers tried to put him down. But real merit cannot be put down. It is stern stuff.

To be Continued.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

HISTORY OF JESUS

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER Jesus had sent forth the Twelve Apostles to preach, he called others of his disciples by Seventies and sent them also.

The word disciple means scholar, student or follower, and Jesus had many who followed him, some through curiosity to see the wonderful things that he performed, and others to listen to his teachings and to treasure up the words of wisdom and kindness that flowed from his lips. He not only taught the things of eternal life, but also taught them how to conduct themselves in all the relations of this life, and even told them how they should do when invited to feasts—that they should not take the best seats they saw, but wait till they were asked to go up higher. The Pharisees were too proud to teach people the most useful things; they were beneath their notice.

It was very strange in the eyes of the great ones, that he who professed to be the Son of God, should associate with common people, and bless the poor and the humble, by healing the sick and in administering to their comfort; and many times great excitement prevailed throughout the country, and thousands of people gathered around Jesus.

One time he was in a desert place, and the multitude that came to him was very great, and night approaching, his disciples requested him to send the people away, that they might go to the villages and buy themselves food. But Jesus said they need not depart: and he told his disciples to bring him what food they had, which was only five loaves of bread and two fishes. He then commanded the people all to sit down on the grass, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and break the

loaves and fishes, and gave to his disciples, and they to the multitude; and they all ate and were satisfied, and took up twelve baskets full of fragments that remained. Those that had eaten were about five thousand men besides many women and children.

After that, he went into the land of Gennesaret: and when the men of that place knew of his coming, they sent into all the country, and brought to him all that had diseases of any kind, and besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as did so, were perfectly healed.

There was to be a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and Jesus, his mother and a number of his disciples were invited to attend. Those who made the wedding feast, failed of having sufficient wine to supply the guests during the entertainment. It would seem impossible that they should have been deceived in the number of their guests; for in that country it was the custom for those who made weddings, to provide and furnish every guest with a wedding garment, and no one could attend without being invited, and not be discovered. But however it was, the wine gave out, and the mother of Jesus, went to him saying "the wine is out." And she ordered the servants of the house, to do whatever he required. He saw six waterpots standing there, each holding two or three firkins: (a firkin is nine gallons) and he told the servants to fill the waterpots with water; and they did so: he then commanded them to draw out, and when they took the wine to the master of the feast, he pronounced it better than the other, saying, the last is the best, not knowing how the servants obtained it.

Thus it was wherever Jesus went, if the people would receive him, he was constantly doing good. But alas! many people, and nearly all who professed to be teachers—the Scribes and Pharisees, were too proud and too wicked to receive the truth, and they would not receive him as the Son of God, the Savior of the world; and, as strange as it may seem, they told all kinds of falsehoods about him, and sought, not only to lessen his influence with the people, but to destroy him.

And so it has been in every age of the world, and it is so now: when the Lord raises up prophets, through whom He can speak and bless and save mankind from approaching calamities; those who profess to have the most knowledge, are the most bitter persecutors. In the Bible, Jesus is frequently called the Son of man, which is an unmeaning expression, through mis-translation. The name of God in the pure language is Ahman, and Jesus, in that language is called Son Ahman, and from this the appellation of Son of man originated. E. R. S.

COME to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared to your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

CHILDREN are very apt to think that beautiful clothes make beautiful persons, and that they should be very fine children, and very happy, too, were they splendidly attired. This is a sad mistake. It is not the fine dress that makes the person beautiful, but the beautiful person that makes the dress, whatever it may be made of, seem beautiful, too.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

OCTOBER 1, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



Oh! it is so easy to see the faults of others, to see where they come short of perfection! We can sit down and call over name after name, and tell where this one fails, and where the other one does not do as well as he might, and point out great imperfections in the conduct of each.

Children, do you ever talk together about your playmates, and expose their faults to your listeners? Do you hold up their actions in a bad light? If you do, it is very wrong. This is a habit with some grown people; they commence it in childhood, and they continue its practice until it is fastened upon them. It is much easier to look upon others and detect their faults and tell how they could do better, than it is to see ourselves and correct our own failings.

The prophet Moroni, who closed the records from which the Book of Mormon was translated, and hid them in the earth, felt that the writings of himself and his fathers were very weak. He told the Lord that He had made their words powerful and great, and they could not write them; therefore, when they wrote they beheld their weakness, and he feared that the Gentiles would mock at their words. When he had said this, the Lord said unto him: Fools mock, but they shall mourn. He told Moroni that if men would come unto him, He would show unto them their weakness. He said, He gave unto men weakness that they might be humble.

Now, children, instead of finding fault with others, try and learn what your own faults are. "But," you ask, "how can we learn?" The Lord told Moroni how people could learn such things. If they would come unto Him, he would show unto them their weakness. This is the proper course for you all to take. Go unto the Lord and ask Him to show unto you your weaknesses and faults. He will do so, if you ask in faith, and when you see them you will be apt to be humble. It is far better to know your own faults and weaknesses than those of your companions. You cannot correct their faults. They must do that. But you can correct your own.

Would you not think a man, who had a garden of his own to weed, very foolish if he neglected it and spent all his time in pointing at the weeds in his neighbor's lot? This is what many people do. Full of imperfections themselves they never notice them but look at their neighbors'. Children, such a course is foolish.

WE hope our friends will excuse the absence of an engraving in the present number. We have ordered engravings which we expect to receive when Brothers Brigham, jr. and John W. Young arrive. We would much prefer issuing one engraving at least in each number of the INSTRUCTOR; but at present we have either to issue without any, or defer publishing for two or three weeks. We think that our readers would rather have their papers at the time they ought to appear, even if they contain no illustration, than to wait.

The harvest season is passed, and the present is a very suit-

able time to pay up the subscriptions on the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We are very much in need of the funds which are due; and we trust that our agents and friends will give this business a little attention. It is but a small affair for each subscriber, and a little promptness on their part will enable us to meet pressing engagements. In this connection we desire to tender our acknowledgements to our Agents for the prompt manner in which they have responded to our calls. Their actions have shown, much more forcibly than words could do, the interest they feel in this publication.

CATECHISM

INSERTED IN NUMBER 17, NOW RE-INSERTED WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

81. What was sworn by one of the mobbers who started to Independence to raise an army sufficient to meet Joseph and the Camp of Zion?

"The eagles and turkey buzzards shall eat my flesh, if I do not fix Joe Smith and his army, so that their skins will not hold shucks, before two days are passed."

82. What happened to him immediately after?

His boat sank; he floated down the river some miles, and lodged upon a pile of drift wood; and there the eagles, buzzards, and other birds ate the flesh off his bones.

83. How were the brethren in the Camp prevented from meeting their brethren in Clay county on the day they desired to do so? And where did they camp?

God interfered, by accidents of various kinds occurring. On an elevated piece of land between the Little and Big Fishing rivers.

84. What followed that evening?

An awful storm of wind, rain and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

85. How did many of the mob feel, and what did they do?

They felt that God was fighting for the Saints; and one of their number being killed by lightning, the rest returned home.

86. What occurred in the Camp on the 21st and night of the 24th of June, in fulfillment of prophecy?

The cholera broke forth in camp.

87. How many suffered, and how many died from the visitation?

About sixty-eight suffered, of whom fourteen died.

88. What did Joseph counsel the brethren of the Camp to do, after he received a revelation on Fishing river?

To separate into small bands, and disperse among the brethren in the vicinity.

89. Where did he afterwards meet a considerable number of the Camp?

At Lyman Wight's.

90. What did he then tell them? And what was the result?

If they would humble themselves before the Lord, and covenant to keep His commandments, and obey his counsel, the plague should be stayed: they did so, and the plague was stayed.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

FOR OUR JUVENILES TO ANSWER.

1. What were the last words of Jesus?
2. Upon what island was St. Paul cast when he was shipwrecked?
3. Who succeeded David to the throne of Israel.
4. What prophet slew Agag when spared by Saul?
5. Who was the father of Zebedee's children?
6. In whose days did the ten and half tribes revolt from the rule of the descendants of David?
7. What king of Israel killed himself when defeated in battle by the Philistines?
8. What noted prophet lived in the days of King Ahab?

Don't always be telling what you are going to do. Do something that will speak for you.

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XII.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

ELDER R. and the girls left the terrace, and walking down one of the paths came to a large building, called the monkey house. They entered, and here in large cages were monkeys of every description. The visitors in the house were amusing themselves by feeding the monkeys with nuts, for which they were very greedy. Snatching nut after nut from the hands of the visitors, they put them in their mouths and stored them in a pouch at the back of their mouths, chattering and grinning all the while. When they had obtained all they could they retired into a corner and commenced to crack and eat them. One of the visitors happened to point at a large ape with her parasol, when, quick as thought, the ape snatched the parasol out of her hand and away he ran with it to the top of the cage, pursued by the other monkeys chattering and screaming, eager also to obtain the prize. The monkeys in the other cages, seeing the race and hearing the din, flew to the front of their cages. They wanted to join in the chase; but they were prevented by the partitions. They made a fearful noise. The keeper, who happened to be in the room reading a newspaper, arose, and taking a stout stick in his hand, went into the cage and compelled Mr. Ape to give up the coveted prize. He reprimanded the young lady for her carelessness, for it was forbidden that any one should point at the animals with sticks or parasols. The young lady blushed, thanked the keeper for restoring her parasol, and left the building.

"See," said Elder R. to the girls, "the result of disobedience and carelessness. This simple circumstance is an evidence that there is always safety in the path of counsel. Had that young lady taken heed of the instruction, not to point at the animals, her parasol would not have been spoiled, and she would have been spared the humiliation of the reprimand from the keeper. Let me advise you, my little friends, to always be obedient to your parents and to the laws of nature as they are made known to you, and you will enjoy much happiness. But what do you think of the monkeys?"

"I think they are very dirty, greedy animals," said Mary.

"Would you like to have one for a pet?" asked Elder R.

"No, sir," replied Mary.

"Would you believe that any human beings could worship these animals?" said Elder R., "you remember I told you that in India they believe in transmigration of souls. When the British forces under General Goddard, in 1780, took one of the principal cities, he found it contained as many monkeys as inhabitants. Animals of this race have been worshiped as gods, and temples have been built and human beings sacrificed to them. Such is the dreadful ignorance that men have fallen into who have rejected the wisdom that our Heavenly Father has sent to them by his servants. It is stated that on the island of Ceylon there was one of these monkey palaces. It was plundered by the Portuguese. They found in it a gold casket containing the tooth of an ape, and the inhabitants offered them 700,000 ducats to redeem it, so great was their veneration for it; but it was burned by order of the viceroy. Now come with me and I will show you the Orang Outang, a large kind of monkey."

They left the monkey house, and walked to a high building, and here were two specimens of the Giraffe from Africa.

"This," said Elder R., "is the tallest animal we know of; it is very swift of foot, and very tame." They entered the house, and in one corner was the Orang Outang from the island of Borneo, which had been brought over and presented to the gardens by a sea captain. The Orang Outang was about four feet high, with long arms; his body was covered with dun colored hair; he appeared to be quite tame and on very good terms with his keeper, who was about to give him his supper. He had a table and chair to sit in, and sat up to his table and eat an egg, dipping pieces of bread into his egg and eating them like an old gentleman. The girls were very much amused at this droll sight.

"What do they eat in their own country?" asked Mary.

"Fruit and nuts," replied Elder R. "They are very powerful, and can seldom be caught when they are old. To bring them to this country they have to be taken when they are young. Now let us visit the Elephant. Would you like to ride on his back?"

"I am afraid I should fall off," said Ellen.

"Oh, no fear," said Elder R., "it is like sitting in an easy chair."

They strolled over to the Elephant house; but the Elephant was out, and on leaving the house they saw him coming down the path. On his back was placed a large easy seat; on this the keeper and several visitors were seated. When he came in front of his house, at the direction of his keeper, he went down on his knees, and the visitors, mostly young people, dismounted. Mary and Ellen stepped forward, and were soon seated on the back of the Elephant, who arose to his feet and commenced walking down the path. The visitors gave him cakes and apples, which he received in his trunk and transferred to his mouth. The girls greatly enjoyed the ride on the Elephant's back, for they were beginning to be tired walking about so much. The ride finished, the Elephant knelt down for them to dismount, and the girls retired home with Elder R., highly pleased with their treat.

To be Continued.

A THORN IN THE PILLOW.

HOW pleasant it is when night comes, and we are weary, to lay our heads on a soft pillow and go sweetly to sleep. But, it often happens that our pillow contains a thorn. I have just read in a paper about a child who found a thorn in her pillow; and it hurt her very much. Shall I tell you about it? Well, here is the story:—

A little girl went to visit her grandmother, who lived at some distance from her mother and father's home. She seemed happy all day, for she had everything to make her happy; but when her grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she saw tear-drops on her eyelashes. *

"Ah," said the old lady, the next morning, "you were a little home-sick last night, my dear."

"Oh, no, grandmother," Mabel replied, "I could never be homesick here."

It was just so the next night, and the next; at length grandmother thought, as the child seemed troubled, that she would sit in the next room until she went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt and shake her pillow, and her grandmother heard a little sob, so she went to her and said:

"Mabel, my child, you have a thorn in your pillow; what is it?"

Then the little girl hid her face and began to cry aloud. Her grandmother was very much troubled. At length Mabel answered,

"O, grandmother, when I am alone here I cannot forget how I said, 'I won't, mother,' and I cannot unsay it; and mother is good, and loves me so much, and—I was so naughty!"

And the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here then, was the thorn in her pillow, and she could not withdraw it. And so it will be, by and by, with the little boy who is selfish and unkind at home now. When he is away among strangers he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And the little girl who does not care to help her mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in the grave.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE WILLIE.

[CONCLUDED.]

ABOUT this time Edward Milnes and Henry Cuerdon, missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, visited Willie's native town. They looked around but could see no familiar face, nor hear a friendly voice. They went along one of the back streets which led to a large woolen factory. Away high up, on the side of this factory they saw the words "*Providence Mills.*" The words attracted their attention and they felt strongly impressed to go inside, and see if Providence would open up their way. And sure enough God did open their way; for when they got inside one of the over-lookers seemed as though he wanted to talk to them, and finally came to them and asked them if they were preachers. They told him that they were. I am glad of that said the man, and continued he, I am one of a small congregation who have left the "*Methodist New Connexion Church.*" We meet together every Sabbath, worship God as well as we know how, and pray that he will send us the *Pure Gospel.* It is my turn to preach on next Sabbath. Will you be so kind as to preach for me? The elders told him that they would feel very happy in doing so.

After an agreeable conversation they left the factory. As they walked back along the street they thanked God for this proof that He watched over them, and that He had guided their steps to "*Providence Mills.*" And they also prayed, that on the coming Sabbath, God would give them a large portion of his spirit so that they would be able to preach the pure testimony of Jesus to the people, to the convincing of the honest-in-heart.

Sabbath morning dawned, and ten o'clock found the elders seated in a snug little school room surrounded by an intelligent looking congregation, who were anxiously waiting to hear them preach. The meeting was opened, the elders were introduced, and they told the people that an angel had come from heaven and restored the everlasting gospel,—that all who would believe their word, repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of them, have hands laid upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, and then continue to live by every word that should come from the mouth of God that they should be saved, and receive a testimony that they had preached the truth to them.

This plain, simple preaching filled the hearts of the people with joy, and some spoke aloud and said, "This is the pure gospel. God has answered our prayers." When the elders had done preaching they asked the people if any of them wished to be baptized. Six of the principal men in the congregation then stood up and said that they were ready at any time. One of Willie's uncles was among the six. And soon after Willie's father and mother went to hear the elders preach. Willie's father said, "I believe these men preach the same

gospel that Jesus and his apostles preached". Willie's mother thought so too, and they agreed that it was their duty to go and be baptized, which they did.

After this Willie went with his father to meeting every Sunday, and he was very fond of hearing the elders preach. Sometimes he would go to some lonely place where he could kneel down and pray, and have no one to see him, and then he would ask God in the name of Jesus Christ to help him become a good and useful man.

W. W. B.

THE THUNDER SHOWER.

"WHY, Ruthie dear, what is the matter!" exclaimed Grandma Tracy, as Ruth burst into her room, one afternoon in summer, with her sun-bonnet hanging off behind and her hair blown all over her face, as if she had been running.

"O, grandma!" said Ruth, as soon as she could get her breath, "such a great black cloud is coming up from the west, and the teacher said we must hurry, so as to reach home before the shower. There! it is thundering now. Don't you hear it? I knew I couldn't get home before it rained, and I thought I would come in here and stay until the shower was over. I may stay, mayn't I, grandma?"

"Certainly, dear; and I'll get supper right away, and you shall eat with me at the little round table you like so well."

"Oh, please don't get up, grandma?" implored Ruthie. "I want to sit on the cricket beside you, lay my head in your lap and cover up my eyes so that I shall not see the lightning. Oh, wasn't that a dreadful flash!" and poor, frightened little Ruthie laid her head in her kind grandma's lap, while the dear old lady smoothed her hair and patted her soothingly.

"Well then, dear," said she, "I will sit still if you would like it better."

"That's a dear, good grandma," said Ruthie. "I wish I wasn't afraid in a thunder shower. Don't you feel a single bit afraid?"

"No, dear Ruthie, I love to see the lightning dart from the black clouds, and to hear the rolling of the thunder. I know that the same good Father in heaven who gives us the sunshine sends also the storm, and I can trust myself in his hand. 'I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in him will I trust.'"

"What a comfort the Bible is to you, grandma! You always have something sweet to say from it. But weren't you ever afraid when you were a little girl?"

"Oh yes. I remember when I used to feel in a thunder shower much as you do now, but I shall never forget the time when I lost all my fear. It was one day, a great many years ago, when I was not much older than you are now. My father and mother had gone away several miles from home, expecting to return about sunset."

"Did they leave you alone?"

"Yes; but I had a great deal to do, so that I was not lonely."

"What could a little girl like you do?" interrupted Ruthie.

"I had been taught to do a great many things," answered grandma. "I had the dishes to wash and put away, the house to sweep and tidy up, the pigs and chickens to feed, and many other things to do that I cannot remember now. When it was almost sunset I began to get supper."

"Could you cook, grandma?"

"Yes. I could make fire-cakes, and quite a number of other things."

"What in the world is a fire-cake?"

"A short-cake baked by the fire. There were no stoves in

those days, and we used to bake cakes by the coals, setting the tin upright, and keeping it from falling by placing a flat-iron behind it."

"How funny!" laughed Ruthie. "Did you make a fire-cake that night?"

"Yes; and after I had put it to baking I set the table as nicely as I could, so as to have supper all ready when my father and mother should come. Then I went to the door to watch for them. While standing there I found that it was growing dark very fast, and on looking up I found that the sky was covered with clouds.

"By and by it began to thunder and lighten, and soon the rain fell in torrents. I shut the door and went and sat down beside the lounge and covered up my eyes. It seemed to me that I had never before heard such heavy thunder; every clap seemed to shake the house, while the sky seemed in one blaze of lightning. How lonely I was! 'Oh, if I only had some one to speak to!' I said to myself. Then something seemed to whisper, 'Speak to God.' I knelt, and in my simple way I asked God to take care of me, and keep me from harm.

"May I be so sure, dear Lord," I prayed, 'that thou wilt keep me safe, that I shall never feel afraid again.' When I arose from my knees, the thunder still rolled and the lightning flashed, but all fear and loneliness were gone. I felt that God had heard my prayer, and that I was safe in his hand. Tears of love filled my eyes. Many sweet words from the Bible came into my mind, and I understood them as I never had done before. Again and again I repeated 'I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!'

"I have, since that time, Ruthie, never known what fear was. I always feel so sure that the 'everlasting arms' are underneath me that I cannot be afraid any more than can the little babe folded close to its mother's breast, for does not the Lord love us and care for us even as a tender mother."

"O, grandma," said Ruthie, "how much I thank you for your sweet story! I do not think I shall ever be afraid in a thunder shower again."

"I hope you never will," said the good grandma. "But see, Ruthie dear, while we have been talking the clouds have scattered, and the west is bright with the sunset. Let us go and see if there is not a rainbow."

A rainbow there was, a beautiful one too, and grandma and Ruthie stood long at the door, gazing at it, while the little girl sang with a new, warm feeling in her heart, this beautiful song.

"O, beautiful rainbow, all woven with light,
There's not in thy tissue one shadow of night;
It seems as heaven opened when thou dost appear,
As if a light vision of angels drew near
And sang, 'The rainbow! The rainbow!
'The smile of God is here!'"

For the Juvenile Instructor.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

IT is very necessary in children and grown persons, to speak so as to be understood. The best time of life to commence to speak plain is in childhood. Parents should endeavor to speak plain to their children in language clear and distinct. Simple words are understood by most people,—words of Saxon origin. Most of the hard words in the English language are of Latin and Greek parentage.

Simple words, as, sun, moon, stars, day, night, month, year, bright, dark, water, rain, snow, sleet, fine, coarse, truth, wisdom, and many others are understood by most people, from infancy. Words like annual, nocturnal, opaque, illuminated, avenue, [ascertained, pinnacles, semi-circular, and others are

understood only by application, and sometimes by reference to a word-book or dictionary.

A good style of language is found in Thomas L. Kane's discourse delivered before the historical society of Pennsylvania in 1850, entitled, "The Mormons;" also in "The departure of the Israelites from Egypt;" see *Millennial Star* Vol. 13 and 14.

To be able to clothe our ideas with simple and appropriate language, to express ourselves in words to be understood, and if we have views on matters and things to be able to express them to our friends or foes with force and power, be able to have them understood as we do ourselves, is worth time and labor.

Never use words you do not understand, for often, those who use them, misapply them. Eulogize, commend, and praise mean the same thing; the latter word is generally understood from infancy.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is written in a plain and simple style. This is the style for us to adopt. The "first mission" of Elder W. Woodruff is written in a plain and simple style. The "Lord's Prayer" is simple and expressive, and is really "much in little."

Plain speaking need not be vulgar and offensive, but it can be chaste and polite. Nice speaking in children has the sound of music on the ear, it cheers the hearers and makes harmony either in the school, the family circle, or the social walks of life.

Let us all encourage good speaking, it is a part of our faith, it is an accomplishment we should patronize, a virtue we should cherish and something to be prized.

Wm.

Selected Poetry.

THE CAGED SQUIRREL.

Listen to the squirrel,
This is what he's saying:
"Let me out, little boy,
I am tired of staying
In this narrow cage
While my mates are playing.

"Don't you see the sunbeams
Brighten all the river?
Don't you see the reeds
Along the margin quiver?
Don't you see the lilies
In the west wind shiver?

"Colored tufted mosses
To the rocks are clinging,
In the shady woods
Where the birds are singing,
Where the bobolink
On the birch is swinging.

"All across the meadow
See the dew-drops glisten!
I fear the free wind blowing!
Little boy, just listen!
Ah, how can you keep me
When you look and listen!

"Let me out, little boy,
Let me out, I pray you;
Bid me hie to the woods;
I will soon obey you,
And with a squirrel's love
And gratitude repay you,

REMEMBRANCE OF
PAST BENEFITS.

ONCE called on a neighbor, who was watering an old stump of a geranium, which seemed to give a very little promise of either green leaf or flower. "Neighbor," said I, "your labor will be lost."

"Perhaps so," said he; "but I can hardly part with my old tree, for all that. I cannot help calling to mind what it has been, and how often it has made my window look cheerful with its fresh, green leaves, and its fine scarlet flowers."

This reply silenced me, for I thought in my heart that my neighbor was right and I was wrong. It is a good sign to remember past advantages.

I called on a friend, who was giving a mouthful of oats in a sieve to an old horse grazing in his field.

"You may corn your horse," said I, "as much as you will, but it is not likely that he ever will be able to work again."

"True," replied he; "but I have no wish to forget the work he has done for me. Many a weary day has he been my companion, carrying me safely on his back, or drawing me in my gig; and while old Dinger lives, I hope never to grudge him a mouthful of grass or corn."

"Right," thought I, "and the feeling is a creditable one; but it is not always, nor often, that a poor brute falls into such good hands. I shall think the better of you for your humanity."

I called on a relative, who was waited on by a very old servant, who made sad blunders; indeed, the old man was very near blind, and very feeble. "Old Peter's day is over," said I; "sad blunders he makes, and sad blunders he will make, for his day is gone by."

"I know it," replied my relative; "but if his day is gone by, mine is not, and while I live Peter shall have a home. He has been a good servant to me, and to my father before me, and right little do I expect from him now in the way of service. Peter, I say, has served me, and it is now my turn to serve Peter."—*Selected.*

A NOBLE DOG.—A child only six years old was left in care of two younger children, while her mother, a poor woman, went to market. There was a fire on the hearth, and the child's mother told her to be watchful and not let her little brother or the baby go near it. Elizabeth had often been left with them before, and she tried to be very careful.

This time, I am sorry to relate, she was so unfortunate as to set her own clothes on fire. While standing too near the hearth, her dress touched the burning coals, and caught on fire. In a few moments the smoke and flames were all around her.

Screams of terror rang out in the air, startling the neighbors, who ran swiftly to the rescue. But, the first to enter the room was a small dog, which, the instant it heard the cry, darted in through a pane of glass, and before any one could reach the child was tearing off her blazing clothes with its teeth and paws.

This very remarkable fact was told by Mr. S. C. Hall in a work on "Animal Sagacity." It stands out among the noblest acts recorded of the dog, to whom God has given the instinct needed to make him the protector of man. In the care of children, the dog is particularly faithful.—*The Children's Hour.*

NEVER fret about what you can't help, because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it do so. When you are tempted to grumble about anything ask yourself, "Can I help this?" and if you can't, don't fret; but if you can, do so, and see how much better you will feel.

A CURE FOR ANGER.—We take from a Newspaper this story of a child's effort to overcome anger. All of us, young and old, if troubled with a hasty temper, may profit by her example.

Two little sisters—Frances about seven, and Augusta about five years old—were as happy as little girls could be, loving their parents and each other dearly. Sometimes, however, as it happens with the best of friends, little differences would arise. On one of these occasions Frances, feeling that anger was rising, said, "I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes." She went out immediately and staid for a short time. When she returned the storm was hushed, and they went to their play as happy as ever.

Were all children to act like the little girl here mentioned, how many sad scenes would be avoided, and what happiness would spring up in youthful hearts from self-conquest. There is this to encourage us, that just as bad habits grow in strength the more they are yielded to, each time temper, or any other evil disposition is overcome, will strength be gained for future conflict.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADES.

BY J. P. SMITH JR.

I am composed of 10 letters:

My 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, is an ancient prophet.

My 10, 5, 6, is a great calamity.

My 8, 9, 10, is the present time.

My 4, 9, 8, 1, is a girdle, band or belt.

My whole is a lady greatly beloved by the good who know her.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, is a famous navigator.

My 6, 7, 6, 7, 4, is a nutritious drink.

My 3, 2, 4, 1, is a small vessel.

My whole should be shunned by the youth of Utah.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 17, is **DAVID AND GOLIATH**.—The following sent us correct answers: H. Brewer, J. Tavey, E. M. Walker, N. Tyler.

THOU who dwellest in the heavens,

Where the happy angels are,

Thou, whose wisdom shines more brightly

Than the light of sun or star;

Listen to a little child

Calling on thy holy name—

Thou art true, and pure, and mild,

Help me to become the same.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST & FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00

Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Editor Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.